







I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO SECRET AND THAT NOT SECRET AND THAT NOT SEW SLEMENT MUST LEAK



NOTICE THE MAN AT THE BACK! HIS NAME IS MOSEBY! HE IS NOT A SCIENTIST! HE IS AN ASSISTANT CHEMIST WHO DOES ODD JOBS IN THE BUILDING! HE IS ALSO... A SPY!



EVERY MAN IN THIS BUILDING HAS BEEN CAREFULLY SCREENED! BUT EVEN THE GREATEST OF CAUTION-ARY METHODS CAN BE BREACHED!

I WONDER WHAT THEY'D SAY IF THEY KNEW THAT THE REAL MOSEBY DIED AND I TOOK HIS PLACE?



MICE, THUS EXPOSED HAVE BECOME AUTERED IN STRUCTURE WITHIN MINUTES, CAUSING THEM TO TAKE STRANGE FORMS! SO BE CAREFUL, EVERY SECOND YOU ARE NEAR THIS NEW ELEMENT!





WE HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE YET OF THE POWER OF ELEMENT E! OR IT'S RADIO ACTIVE INFLUENCE UPON LIVING GENES, THOUGH TESTS, NOT COMPLETED, ON MICE INDICATE THAT JUST A TIMY LEAKAGE CAN HAVE AN IMMEDIATE EFFECT UPON THE GENETIC MAKEUP!



IT WON'T BE A GOOD NIGHT TOMORROW NIGHT, FOR TONIGHT MY PLANS ARE COMPLETE... TONIGHT I WILL STEAL THE PAPERS WITH ALL THE DATA SO FAR KNOWN ABOUT ELEMENT E! MY COMRADES WILL REWARD ME THANDSOMELY FOR THIS COUP!



MOSESY JOINS SOME OF THE OTHER MEN, MEN LIKE HIMSELF, ASSISTANTS AND ODD JOB MEN!

HEY, MOSEBY, THAT JOKE YOU TOLD ME? THIS GUY LIKES NOTHING BETTER THAN A GOOD JOKE!

WELL, IT'S
ABOUT THE ATOM
SCIENTIST AND
THE... GOOD
GRIEF, I LEFT
SOME TOOLS
SCATTERED ALL OVER THE



NOTICE HOW HE LISTENED WHEN DR. CARTER SPOKE ABOUT THE EFFECT OF ME AN IDEA

ELEMENT E RAYS ON MICE! HE'S SCARED STIFF OF BEING



YOU SAY HE LWAYS LIKES GOOD JOKE? THAT AND WHAT YOU JUST SAID GIVES



I'LL PUT THEM BACK AND JOIN YOU FELLOWS SOON

BETTER HURRY BEFORE THE BLECTRICAL



THE ELECTRICAL GUARD
WON'T LOCK EVERYTHING
TONIGHT... NOT AFTER THE WAY
I JAMMED IT SO I COULD GET
INTO DR. CARTER'S OFFICE

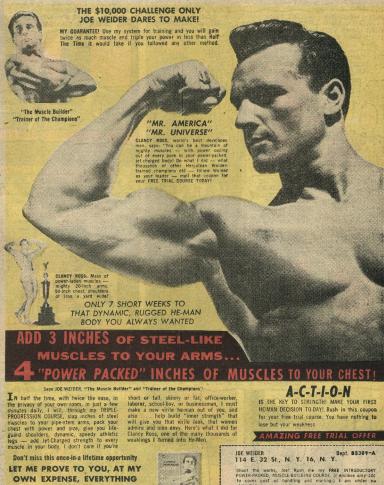


THIS IS MOSESY'S OBJECTIVE, THE OFFICE OF DR. CARTER, NEXT TO THE LEAD SEALED VAULT WHERE ELEMENT E IS KEPT!





AH, HERE THEY ARE! NOW I'LL GO TO MY ROOM, CHANGE AND BE READY TO LEAVE



GOOD LORD... WHEN I

JAMMED THE ELECTRICAL

GUARD SYSTEM THE LOCK

ON THE DOOR TO THE ELEMENT

E CHAMBER OPENED IP ANY

RADIO-ACTIVE RAYS LEAKED

THROUGH INTO THIS ROOM

I...I'LL BE CONTAMINATED!



WHAT WAS IT DR. CARTER SAID ABOUT THE MICE?... "BECAME ALTERED IN STRUCTURE WITHIN MINUTES, CAUSING THEM TO TAKE STRANGE FORMS..."



HE RUNS, FEAR
HAMMERING AT HIS
HEART! HE GETS TO
HIS ROOM IN THE
LIVING QUARTERS
OF THE PROJECT!



I--I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF! CHANGE, CLEAN UP AND BE READY TO LEAVE! EVERY MOMENT I LINGER IS DANGEROUS!



FI'D BEEN CONTAMINATED IT WOULD'VE SHOWN UP CHANGED ME ALREADY! GOT TO PUT THAT OUT OF MIND AND CONCENTRATE ON THE BIG JOB! I...I PO FEEL A LITTLE QUEER PO FEEL



PROBABLY FROM FRIGHT AND EXCITEMENT! I'LL WASH, SHAVE AND CHANGE AND I'LL FEBL BETTER...



MOSEBY CLICKS ON THE LIGHT! DIRECTLY OPPOSITE HIM IS THE BATHROOM CABINET MIRROR...IT'S THE FIRST THING HE SEES AS THE LIGHT GOES ON... HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR...









THE CRASH OF THE WINDOW ALERTED THE ARMY GUARDS! MOSEBY WAS GRABBED AS HE LANDED...

IT... IT CHANGED A ME! I'M A MOUSE ... A BIG MOUSE!

BOY, THIS GUY IS OFF HIS ROCKER BETTER SEARCH HIS ROOM! I'LL LOCK HIM UP AND REPORT TO DR. CARTER!



MOSEBY'S CRONIES WERE, OF COURSE, ALL UNAWARE OF WHAT HAD TAKEN PLACE THEY SAT IN THE LOUNGE ROOM EXPECTANT-LY, BIG GRINS CREASING THEIR FACES!

> I WONDER IF HE'S BEEN TO HIS ROOM YET! FRED, THAT IDEA OF YOURS WAS A MASTERPIECE!

IN THE BATHROOM
MY ROOM THE
FIRST THING I
SEE WHEN I
CLICK ON THE
LIGHT IS MY
REFLECTION IN
THE MIRROR...
AND ALL OUR
ROOMS ARE



HEY, HOW ABOUT GIVING ME SOME CREDIT? I WAS THE GUY DREW THAT WHACKY PICTURE AND STOLE INTO HIS ROOM AND PASTED IT ON THE MIRROR! AND, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF IT WAS A MASTERPIECE! SAY, D'YOU THINK HE'LL BE SORE?





FORBIDDENT +





KNOW NOT...
WE ARE GOING
THROUGH THE
UNCHARTED
REACHES OF
SPACE,
ZOHAN.



WE HAVE NOT BEEN ON A PLANET FOR AGES,,,LET US LAND THERE, ALL RIGHT, FRELGO; YOUR CURIOSITY ABOUT UNKNOWN PLANETS SEEMS NEVER SATISFIED

















The UNIVERSAL KEY!



















































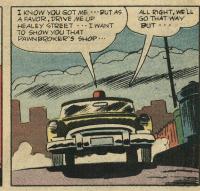


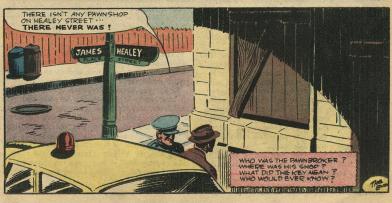












HURRY, HARRY!

I was busy in my studio-library room working on an appeal case for Hendricks & Lowell. In fact I was so engrossed in the work that I didn't even hear the door open. My wife Jane must have been watching me for a few seconds before she spoke.

"There's a person-to-person call for you from Paris. Dave Colton is calling. Throw the on switch on your phone and take the message."

Whenever I was deeply occupied in legal research, I had the off switch on my phone. Jane would take any messages for me on the phone in the living room. If important she would then come into the studio-library room. Otherwise she was to take care of the matter herself. I had a duplicate law library here as well as in my office.

Soon I heard the familiar voice of Dave Colton on the other end of the trans-atlantic

phone:

"Harry," he began, "Great news! They are signing the contract. You get a million dollar fee. It will take place at noon tomorrow. They want you here. Get the next plane to Paris. It should leave Indlewood in time for you to make it. I'm at the Hotel Delmonte and am reserving a room for you. Love to the wife and the kids. Tell them that their uncle will send them a big birthday present."

When I hung up I realized two things. Tomorrow would be the birthday of the twins, Peter and James. And I would be in Paris instead of celebrating it with them. We had talked of all the things we would do at the party.

"It can't be helped," said Jane who could always read my mind. "They will be thrilled to know you went to Paris to get a present for them from their Uncle Dave. Hurry, Harry, I'll pack a few items for you. You call the airport and get your reservation."

So quickly I contacted Sam Borow at Indlewood. I had done legal work for them at the

time they built the airport.

"We have a cancellation so it's yours," he told me. "You have about three hours travelling time to get here from your home. So step on it. We'll hold the plane up for you fifteen minutes if necessary, but no longer. You know the rules."

Three hours should be more than ample time to get to the airport is what I figured to myself. I went into the nursery room and kissed the twins goodbye. I got a big hug from each of them. Then I went to the garage and got into my sport car. Jane handed me my bag and kissed me farewell.

"Be careful, Harry," she warned. "I don't know why I am saying that but all of a sudden

I have a funny feeling.'

I put the key into the ignition lock and stepped on the starter. Nothing happened. I repeated the same procedure ten times with the same negative results. Something was the matter with the car.

"Take my car," advised Jane. "You have a tankful of gas and Lou checked the car yester-

day at the service station."

So quickly I went into the sedan and the motor started at once. I turned left on Pine Street and headed for Central Avenue. I stopped at the traffic light when suddenly a police of-ficer came over to me.

"That was a wonderful thing you did in helping those boys, Mr. Bayard," he began. "It's something like that which makes us down at police headquarters feel a lot better."

So for the next five minutes I had to listen to him speak. I just couldn't be rude and say that I was in a hurry to get to the airport. Yet something inside of me was saying, "Hurry, Harry." And something else on the outside was delaying me.

When the traffic light turned green I went along Central Avenue. Then I took the southside country road. I had gone ten miles on it when I saw a sign: "Road Under Repair. Single file only." What blasted luck! There was a man with a red flag. All cars had to go behind each other. I was travelling at a speed of five miles

an hour instead of fifty.

The man would wave the flag. Then one car went north. Next, one car went south. I was getting upset for at this rate I could be here all morning and afternoon. There went a precious half hour and finally I was clear of the hinderance. I stepped on the gas and soon was doing the legal fifty miles an hour. Something inside of me repeated, "Hurry, Harry,"

Soon I saw the highway and was about to swing onto it when I noticed they were pav-

ing the entrance.

"Go south ten miles and use entrance 15," said a man. "You can't make it here! They should have put up the warning sign."

Never mind what they should have done! They hadn't done it. So I went south ten miles and finally got onto the highway. The legal speed limit was sixty miles an hour and for the next hour I was sailing along smoothly. I would make it with a few minutes to spare. Then my heart almost stopped. I saw a big line of cars and a state trooper was signalling cars to stop. I stopped and looked ahead. A big milk truck had jackknifed and was blocking traffic east and west on the highway. I got out of my car and went up to the state trooper.

"I have to make Indlewood Airport," I explained. "I am catching the plane for Paris. Late already if this delay holds me up."

The state trooper was most sympathetic and

he had an idea. He got into his car.

"Follow me," he shouted. "We cut down the

incline and up on the other side."

It was risky business but the two cars made it and I thanked him a lot. Soon I was on my way again with clear sailing. Within an hour I was approaching the toll gates when I noticed a long line of cars.

"Hurry, Harry," something inside of me said. And again something outside of me was causing a delay. What was wrong? The man

in the next car told me.

"They are searching every car. They got a tip that the bank robber who held up the bank is in a car on the highway. Taking no chance. Checking each car."

I wanted to swing out of line when a motor-

cycle officer came up to me.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, mister?" he wanted to know.

I told him that I had to get that plane for Paris. I took out my wallet and showed him my credentials.

"You might know me. I was county prosecutor five years ago."

"I remember you, Mr. Bayard," he said.

"You're in the clear. Swing out and follow me through gate 9. I'll be on the motorcycle. Go

with you for five miles."

That helped a bit. Soon I was on the bridge and across the Hudson River. He left me and waved his hand at me. Traffic was beginning to get heavy. I slowed down and then — BANG! I heard my tire blow out. I drove over the side of the road. To change it would be out of the question. I spotted a taxi and waved to him. He drove up to me.

"Fifty dollars if you get me to Indlewood

Airport within the half hour."

I took my bag and was seated inside the cab. He had to keep at the legal speed limit. But I was exausted. Something inside of me was repeating, "Hurry, Harry." Yet why all these delays? We got to the airport and I saw the big plane in the air. What was wrong? I glanced at my watch. It hadn't moved at all. It had stopped! I paid the driver and rushed to Sam Borow.

"We held the plane for you. Too bad," he

said.

"Call it back," I pleaded. "I have to make it."
"Can't do that," he asserted. "You know the rules."

"Can I charter a plane to fly me across right now?" I wanted to know. "I don't care how

much it costs.'

"The only plane that could make it is under repair," he informed me. "Sorry, can't help you."

I was tired and mad. I called up Jane and explained matters. I would be at the birthday party for the twins. Then I called up, a towing car company and told them to fix my cat. I next hired a cab and went to where my car had been left. The tire was fixed. When I came home I almost slumped into the chair half dead.

"The twins figure you went to Paris and came back already. It will be a wonderful party

with you."

Jane called Dave up in Paris and told him what had happened. So they would sign without me being there. When I went to bed I slept dead. In fact Jane got up and had breakfast with the twins. At eleven in the morning I opened my eyes. Jane was just watching me with tears streaming down her face. She hugged me and finally in a voice full of sobs told me the news.

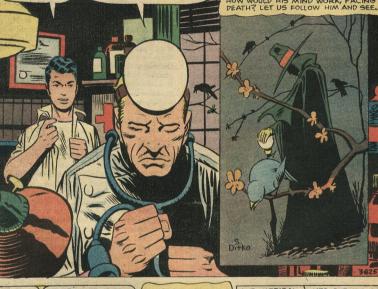
"Just came over the radio. Your plane blew up over the Atlantic. No survivors."

I don't know the answer. Maybe you do? Why something inside of me should insist I catch the plane — and everything outside sort of got together to make me miss it?

ONE WAY TRIP



THERE'S NO WAY I CAN SAY THIS TO SOFTEN THE BLOW, YOU HAVE A RARE MALAPY! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND THAT YOU'LL RECOVER! YES, IT'S A HARD THING TO TELL A YOUNG MAN IN THE PRIME OF HIS LIFE THAT HE'S GOING TO PIE! WHAT THOUGHTS WOULD A MAN HAVE AFTER SUCH A VERDICT? HOW WOULD HIS MIND WORK, FACING DEATH? LET US FOLLOW HIM AND SEGMENT!



ONE ... YOUR CHANCE IN A

THERE HAVE BEEN
A FEW CASES WHERE
SOMETHING HAPPENS
IN THE BODY
CHEMISTRY WHICH
ARRESTS THE



WHAT YOUNG MIND COULD ACCEPT SUCH A VERDICT? NOT HE! HE CRIED OUT... LOOKING FOR LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS!



BUT...MEDICAL SCIENCE...IT'S MADE SUCH ADVANCEMENTS...

YES, BUT NOT IN THIS FIELD! WE DOCTORS KNOW A GREAT DEAL OF HOW LITTLE WE DO KNOW!



WE WILL BEGIN TREATMENT TO-MORROW! BUT I WOULD BE LESS THAN HONEST IF I HELD OUT ANY HOPE FOR YOU! YOU MUST ACCEPT THIS ... THE END IS INEVITABLE!



HE WALKS INTO THE DARK STREET, HIS MIND A CHAOS OF GRASPING FOR THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CHANCE!





HAVE GOT A CHANCE! ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND, BUT IT'S STILL A CHANCE!



THEN COMMON SENSE PUSHES AWAY THE DISTANT GLOW OF HOPE ...



ONE IN A THOUSAND! WHAT ODDS! NO, IT'S NOT A CHANCE ... IT ISN'T EVEN A HOPE!



I'M YOUNG, I HAVEN'T EVEN LIVED YET AND NOW I'M GOING TO DIE! THERE WERE SO MANY THINGS I'D PLANNED TO DO ... AND I THOUGHT I HAD SO MUCH TIME AHEAD OF ME TO DO THEM IN!



THE THINGS HE'D WANTED, THE THINGS HE WAS GOING TO DO IN THE FUTURE CAME MARCHING IN REVIEW BEFORE HIS MIND'S EYE!



MOST OF ALL I WANTED TO FIND THE GIRL THAT EVERY MAN DREAMS IS SOMEWHERE WAITING FOR HIM! I WANTED THAT LOVE, A HOME OF





I'D FIND THOSE THINGS, I ALWAYS THOUGHT, SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE! AND NOW NOW THERE



SUDDENLY THE DIZZI-NESS COMES, THE BLACK VEIL BEFORE HIS EYES THAT ROBS HIM OF HIS SENSES FOR A MOMENT, A SYMPTOM OF THE MALADY WHICH HAD SENT HIM TO THE DOCTOR!





IT PASSES QUICKLY! HE OPENS







WARM, FRIENDLY LIGHT FANS OUT AS A DOOR IS OPENED... A WOMAN STANDS IN THE DOORWAY ... A LOYELY WOMAN ...



SHE'S THE KIND OF GIRL I THOUGHT OF SOME DAY MARRY-ING! SHE'S SO LOVELY AND,,, SHE'S SMILING AT ME AS THO., AS THO SHE KNOWS ME!





WELL, JUST DON'T STAND THERE, DARLING! THE WAY YOU'RE STARING AT ME YOU'D THINK! YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ME BEFORE! COME IN! YOU'RE A BIT LATE!



SLOWLY HE WALKS TOWARD THE RAY OF GOLDEN LIGHT...



DINNER'S
ALL READY!
BOBBY AND
FATHER
MAY ARE
I REA
HUNGRY BUT
I MADE THEM
YOU TO EAT
WITH THEM!
AFTE











HIS STEPS QUICKEN TOWARD THE GOLDEN LIGHT AND THE BEAUTY OF THIS WOMAN'S SMILE! AND NOW... NOW IT BEGINS TO FADE...

NO! STAY! STAY! WAIT...
THE SPELL I HAD...THE DOCTOR
SAID THAT WAS HOW IT WOULD
END, IN ONE OF THOSE SPELLS!
IS THAT WHAT THIS IS...DEATH?
BUT...BUT...





THE DIZZINESS COMES AGAIN...
THE BLACKNESS, THE WHIRLING
HOPELESS DARK...



IT'S GONE, WHAT WILL HE SEE WHEN HE OPENS HIS EYES? HE IS ALMOST AFRAID TO OPEN THEM! BUT WILL POWER FORCES HIS LIDS APART...

IT... THEY ... ALL GONE! IT WAS JUST A VISION! BUT ... IT WAS SO REAL ... SO WONDERFULLY REAL!





AWO NOW WHAT I HAVE TO FACE IS POUBLY HARD TO BEAR! I'VE SEEN WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. AS THO !D GAZED INTO THE FUTURE. AS THO !D GAZED INTO THE FUTURE. AS THO !WAS NOT ALMOST AT THE END OF MY ONE WAY TRIP!



SUPPENLY HIS MIND PAUSES, EXAMINES WHAT HE'D SAID ... A THOUGHT COMES ...

THE FUTURE! COULD I HAVE SEEN FOR THOSE FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS INTO THE FUTURE?





IT'S THE ONLY PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION, FOR A FEW FLEETING SECONDS I WAS PRIVILEGED TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE! HOW, I DON'T KNOW! A FLAW IN THE TIME FLOW, ATTUNEMENT OF MY MIND IN THE STATE IT WAS TO SOME PSYCHIC PHENOMENA... I DON'T KNOW! BUT IT HAPPENED!



BUT...THAT MEANS,...I'M NOT GOING TO DIE! THAT FUTURE!... I'LL LIVE TO REACH THAT FUTURE! ONE IN A THOUSAND! TERRIBLE ODDS, BUT...I'M GOING TO BEAT THEM! UM GOING TO LIVE!



HIS HEAD COMES UP HIS EYES BRIGHT WITH THANKFUL VISION! HE IS A MAN WITH A FUTURE! HE WALKS PRISKLY INTO THE NIGHT TOWARD, WHAT IS TO COME!













































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	- T				

Town_____Stale.



YES, GROOT THOUGHT HE MIGHT NEVER SEE CIVILIZATION AGAIN AND HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF LIFE, ALONE ON THIS ISLAND, BUT NOW...

A CITY... THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY I EVER SAW! UNEARTHLY BEAUTY! HELLO! HELLO THERE!



THERE IS NO ANSWER, NOT EVEN AN ECHO, NO MOVEMENT! GROOT WALKED INTO THE CITY! NO BUST, NO DIRT... BUT NO SOUND OTHER THAN THAT HE MADE!

NOSODY! IT... IT'S A DEAD CITY!
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
PROPLE?

SUDDEN FEAR TAKES HOLD OF IS AN GROOT! HE KNOWS THERE IS SOMETHING MOVING, WATCHING, SOMETHING ALL AROUND! COULD IT BE HIS IMAGINATION? HE DOESN'T KNOW! BUT ONE THING HE DOES KNOW.

GET TO THE BEACH...CAST OFF GET AWAY FROM HERE! IF I STAY I'LL GO MAD, I KNOW IT! BETTER TAKE A CHANCE WITH THE SEA AND BEING PICKED UP BY SOME PASSING BOAT!



THAT MUST BE IT! AN INDIVIDUAL WHO IS UNIQUE!

HOW COULD A
CULTURE, A
CIVILIZATION
COME INTO
EXISTANCE IN
WHICH ALL PEOPLE
ARE VISIBLE? IT'S
UNTHINKABLE!

OF COURSE! FOR



UAN GROOT IS GONE! NOTHING MOVES IN THE CITY! BUT NOW VOICES COME...

HE IS GONE! HOW STRANGE, PEOPLE WHO ARE VISIBLE! THEIR EVERY ACT OF

LIVING CONSTANTLY ON DISPLAY! HOW DEGRAPING! BUT PERHAPS HE WAS JUST A FREAK A MUTANT!

HOW YULGAR,





My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I do say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful

ARE YOU

Always Tired?

hy and Lacking n Confidence?

Overweight and Short of Breath? Lacking in Vim and Vigor?

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